UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

About Religion

By JESSE H. HOLMES

The Method and Meaning of Quiet—Part III

By BILL SIMPSON

Three Billion Dollars for the Navy

By EDWIN D. MEAD

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XX and XXI

By M. K. GANDHI

Philippines—A Way Out

By DOREMUS SCUDDER

VOLUME C NUMBER 22

Chicago, February 6, 1928

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Janesville. G. W. Warren, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Francis L. Robbins, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "News and Notes."

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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

UNITY is a weekly paper, sixteen pages, containing timely editorial comment, special articles, foreign correspondence by its own representatives in Europe and Asia, book reviews, and regular reports of news from the field of liberal thought and action.

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700 Oakwood Boulevard **CHICAGO**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1928 NUMBER 22

AN INDIAN POEM

[I have found, while in Assam, this very beautiful poem of Sri Sankar Deb, the great Vaishnava Reformer of the sixteenth century and one of the greatest of the Saints of the Bhakti school of Indian religious thought.—C. F. Andrews.]

Oh, my Lord, prostrate at Thy feet I lay myself down and beseech Thee with a contrite heart to save my soul.

My soul is on the point of perishing through the poison of the venomous serpent of worldly things.
On this earth all is transitory and uncertain,—wealth, kinsmen, life, youth, and even the world itself.

Children, family, all are uncertain. On what shall I place reliance?

Like a drop of water on the lotus leaf, the mind is unsteady. There is no firmness in it.

There is nothing uncertain in Thy grace and no cause for fear under the shadow of Thy feet.

I, Sankara, pray to Thee, O, Hrishikesh, the Dweller in my heart, to pilot me across this world of trouble.

Turn my heart to Thee and lead me to Thyself,
Oh Lord of all blessings and all grace.
Vouchsafe unto me the truth, the right path, and
The kindly guidance. —*Sri Sankar Deb.*

Young India.

We wish we knew what is really going on in the world. We wish we knew, for example, what Japan is doing or planning to do in China. Ships heavily laden with munitions have for some time been steaming eastward to Dairen and Port Arthur, the Japanese ports on the Asiatic mainland, and to Tsingtao, the powerful Japanese fortress in Shantung. These huge shipments began immediately after the dissolution of the Geneva naval parley, and were undoubtedly the occasion for the request for loans which stirred up such a fuss. Is Japan preparing for war in Manchuria? We should like to know, as would Russia apparently, for reports are arriving of large detachments of heavily armed Red troops traveling eastward over the trans-Siberian railroad. And we'd like to know what Mussolini is planning to do in Africa. Is he going to extend Italy's holdings on the shores of that continent? Is he going to demand special Italian privileges in French territory? Is he going to try to turn the Mediterranean Sea into a Italian lake, and risk war with France in this vast undertaking? How we should like to look into the mind of that Fascist despot, and survey the currents racing through his brain coils! And we wish we knew what England sees and is preparing for in the future. Churchill, Chamberlain, Birkenhead, with the weak Baldwin in the midst, sit together for no good to the world and its longed-for peace. These are arch-plotters of human ill, or there have never been such on this planet. And what is going on in Washington? Why all this big-navy talk? Why this sudden necessity for billions of dollars in ships and submarines to challenge Britain? What are the mad admirals and their political dupes preparing to do? We'd like to know—as we'd like to know a hundred things that look queer and strange and fearful in various parts of the world. Since the Great War, we have developed a fixed conviction that nothing matters on the surface, and that everything matters in the deeps. It's not the front of the stage—to change the figure—but behind the scenes that contains the real drama. How we should like to know what is going on there! Perhaps we shall next year, or the year after, when the next war comes.

Has J. Ramsay MacDonald made a fatal mistake in endorsing and supporting the Tory Indian Commission, which contains no Indian representative? Time alone can tell. Meanwhile, his Labor Party is unhappy, all India is ablaze with fury over what it calls MacDonald's "betrayal" of the Indian people, and MacDonald himself is driven to the last extremity of angry ratiocination to justify his position. Our own conviction, after reading MacDonald's own words, is to agree with the judgment of H. L. Brailsford in the *New Republic* (January 25th) that "the British Labor Party has taken its stand for imperialism." The tragedy of this fact cannot be estimated except in the light of what is going on in India. Not since Amritsar has there been such an outburst of public wrath, such a conflagration of humiliation, sorrow and righteous anger, as now is sweeping the nation. The nationalist movement, weakened by Gandhi's retirement, was at a low ebb. The Hindus were divided among themselves on questions of tactics and policy. Hindu-Moslem dissension had become so serious as to challenge the utmost influence of the Mahatma to control. Then came the characteristic blunder of the Tories in naming an Indian Reform Commission without native representation! For more than half a century, it had been the

custom to include Indians upon all official bodies, however few their number and however fragile their spirit. Hence the gross, the incredible insult of Lord Birkenhead's action! What a chance for Labor to rise up in the name of democracy and freedom, and plead the cause of the Indian people! But no! MacDonald, it seems, had been consulted by Birkenhead, and had given his endorsement to the Tory program. He now supported it in the Commons. Labor members were given place upon the Commission. When it came to imperial affairs, in other words, "God's Englishmen," to quote Milton's phrase, stood together. The tragedy of this situation, for England and India, as well as for the Labor Party, seems to us to be beyond words. The swelling cry for Gandhi, just now returned from his triumphal tour in Ceylon, is the presage of great events. India knows she stands alone. Will she boycott the Commission, as the All-India Congress recommends?

Every now and then a military officer gets enough of it, and speaks up. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he does some thinking, and therewith discovers truth. Two such officers in England, men of wide and long experience, and of great fame, have recently been talking about war in general and about preparedness in particular, in a way to make the world give pause. One, General Frederick B. Maurice, was one of the most distinguished of English fighting men in the Great War. Reviewing his career, he says,

> I went into the British Army believing that, if you want peace, you must thoroughly and efficiently prepare for war. I believe now that if you prepare for war, you will get war.

Testimony of the same character comes from no less a man than Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, who was Chief of the Imperial Staff during the last years of the Great War. At the end of a fifty years' career as a soldier, General Robertson confesses his unqualified horror of war, and comes out without apology for a reduction of armaments as a means of preventing war.

> Instead of preventing war (says this great soldier), armaments are apt to precipitate it. Never in history were preparations so complete or so widespread as during the fifty or sixty years previous to 1914, and yet never were wars so frequent as in that period.

In Robertson's opinion, every man and woman today

> should energetically support all efforts made for devising some more sensible and more humane way of composing international differences than the destructive and futile methods upon which reliance has hitherto been unsuccessfully placed.

If there was ever a more complete repudiation of his own profession by a great soldier, we have never seen it. We do not wonder that the newspaper despatch (New York *Evening Post,* November 26th) containing these quotations, is headed by the headline artist, "British General, Soldier 50 Years, Turns Pacifist." This is a precise and concise statement of the fact. Some military men, two here at least, have intelligence as high as that of a ten-year old!

The official champions of two factions of Irish "statesmanship" are now in the United States fawning for the favor of foreigners. The Irish apparently do not know how funny they are. Their best jokes come out when they are most solemn of countenance. The President of the Irish Free State—verbally putting the accent on the Free—is over here stumping the big cities of eastern United States in a desperate attempt to save his government from collapse. He knows that if he does not bestir himself the leader of the opposition in his Free State, who is also stumping these same cities, will outbuy and outvote his government in his own legislature and at the polls of his own people. Only the Irish are capable of such buffoonery. Their sense of humor inspires them to slap-stick, but they seem incapable of realizing what a spectable their midget state is cutting. Their petulance and stubbornness finally released them from subserviency to the British Parliament. For which allegiance they now exchange a ludicrous truckling to Tammany Hall and Big Bill Thompson. They find that that government will stand in Ireland which counts most obsequiously the favor of Irish politicians in New York and Chicago. This shift may satisfy Irish "statesmanship," but it is only another Irish joke to the rest of the world. In canvassing the impossibilities of such procedure one cannot help but wonder how much an impossible religious system has to do with the estate into which this people has come. Does an innate and unreasoning stubbornness in the Irish character account for the devotion of the Irish people to the Roman Catholic system, or does their dogmatic religious training rob them of reason and of a sense of dignity in politics? Perhaps it is needless to ask. In any event, it is well to let them perform on their midget stage. They seem to like it, and they at least add to the gaiety of the nations. Perhaps the American money which goes into supporting the comedy foots no more than is paid out for other vaudeville performances.

People who believe or hope that Prohibition has not come to stay, might well consider the automobile situation, more particularly the laws against drunken drivers. Most cities and states have specific and drastic legislation directed against this menace to the public safety. And the laws are getting stiffer as the seriousness of the menace becomes more apparent with the growing use of the automobile! Indiana is the latest illustration of the tendencies of the time. In this state has been enacted a law making a person convicted of driving an automobile while intoxicated liable to a fine of from $100 to $500, and to a jail term of from thirty days to six months, for the first offense. For a second

offense, the convicted driver is made liable to a sentence of from one to five years in the penitentiary. This looks like serious business. As laws more and more tend in this direction, drunken automobile drivers will become as scarce as drunken locomotive engineers. The risk of accident and severe punishment is too great to be endured, so that persons who drive automobiles will from sheer force of expediency become total abstainers. Especially with whiskey getting "badder" and "badder" every hour! Prohibition, in other words, altogether apart from the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act, will be enforced in all automobile traffic just as Prohibition was enforced upon all railroad traffic long before the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act were ever heard of. But what does this mean, with automobiles as common as telephones—with one adult out of every three owning a machine today, and one out of every two owning a machine tomorrow? Why it means that Prohibition is going to become not only the law but the *practise* of the land simply because we are a race of automobilists. Liquor and automobiles simply cannot live together in the same world; and as the automobile has certainly come to stay, liquor by the same token is certainly doomed to go. There may have been place for alcohol in the day of the candle and the horse, but there is no place for it in the day of the machine. All the tendencies of modern civilization, if not the very stars in their courses, are fighting for the "drys."

The screeching advertiser cheapens everything he touches. He fouls even the nest he builds. He makes business, but also destroys business. If the repute of American civilization all over the world for shoddiness is justified, we have this fellow and his machinations to thank. He has made the automobile business, he would have us believe. But he is doing his utmost to wreck it just now, and the next few months will probably record ominous disasters. The only question remaining is how numerous will be the failures and how widespread will be the industrial debacle. For several years the advertiser has been forcing sales of motor vehicles, not helping the manufacturer to respond to a demand, not even creating a demand. Sales have gone beyond demand, real or fabricated. Production has been spurred by fevered advertising campaigns until large and perhaps colossal bankruptcies are inevitable in the not distant future. But the advertiser even now takes no warning. His only cure for past follies is folly compounded. However sharp the contest among manufacturers in seeming to cut prices, the purchaser can only be sure that he is paying the advertising fiddler handsomely for his performance. It is estimated by automobile authorities themselves that the costs out of each thousand of dollars expended for automobiles mount to four hundred dollars in getting them sold, while the wages paid for labor in production amount only to sixty dollars. In the case of other and long established commodities the advertiser is forcing the engineer to skimp until standards are maintained scarcely anywhere. The oldest trade-marks are used to cover light weights and shoddy quality. This pestilential fellow is now turning his attention to the savings banks. In consequence thrift, for the first time since Benjamin Franklin, is coming into serious question. Will savings banks and what they stand for be classed among anti-social forces? If so the grasping bankers whom the advertiser has seduced will know whom to thank.

"The doctrine of the forgiveness of sins has done more harm biologically than anything else." So asserted one of the participants in the conclaves of scientists during the 1927 holidays. Theologians, both fundamentalist and modernist, who have been asserting that this doctrine is an essential not alone of Christianity but of any and all religion, should take note. Will the theologian or the scientist back down? The theologian is manifestly wrong, for religion cannot be restrained or confined by one particular dogma or another. Is the scientist altogether right? He points out the immeasurable mischief done by false or over-reaching or misleading religious dogmas. The score against the theologian is, indeed, immeasurable. Yet there is in nature manifold offer and assurance of forgiveness. A single misstep at the brink of a precipice is fatal. But many another misstep is of slight or negligible consequence. The bird with a broken pinion often takes wing again after the medications of nature, though it is doubtless true that it never soars to the height it might have attained had the fracture not befallen. Nature is not Draconian, however impartial is the operation of its laws. There is redemption for many a sinner who discovers the determination to seek until he finds. Otherwise life would be a gruesome tragedy at its best, if it did not prove altogether impossible. But the scientist is right: the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, as theologians have interpreted and applied it, has done incalculable harm. In their blundering zeal to be merciful they have bound humanity under merciless bonds. Redemption has been made the prerogative of an all-powerful will capable of playing favorites. Unethical and biologically pernicious practices have been encouraged by way of placating that will, and of securing benefits which nature denies. Equally pernicious barriers have been erected to shut away the faltering and the failing from redemption which nature freely offers. Religion, come fully to itself, will interpose to restrain falsehood, masquerading either as theology or as science.

About Religion

The writer happened to listen in on half a dozen sermons last Sunday sent out by Radio. It has happened also that he has heard very few sermons of late years, and read only a rather carefully selected lot. So the exceedingly poor intellectual quality of the handout came as a genuine shock, and has led to some discouragement as to the quality of people who will endure such trash week after week, and that of preachers who dispense it. One was telling about the wrath of God and how to avert it, another was gushing about the "plan of salvation," and a third was presenting the "conclusive evidence" of the virgin birth, oblivious of the fact that no court of justice would allow such anonymous rumors and myths to be presented as evidence at all. Another preacher says, "We teach not these myths (of China) but the dear old infallible Bible, God's own letter . . . and it transforms lives and saves souls . . ."

We need not one but a dozen "UNITYS" to counteract all this appalling superstition and stupidity? There seems not to be an inkling in the minds of these champions of "religion," of the absurd claims they are making. Of course they say it is the Bible that is infallible, but equally of course they claim personal infallibility to know this, and to know which of many possible interpretations and explanations are the "true" ones. The particularly crude oracles assert verbal infallibility, ignoring the fact of many translations, and the more fundamental fact that truth has to do with meanings, and not with mere sounds and symbols; and that meanings must be found in the mind of the present day reader, unless he has some infallible authority now living and accessible to tell him about meanings. In this the Roman Catholics have the only complete system in Christendom; for surely no Protestant can claim inerrancy or majority votes in Church Councils, or General Assemblies. Most Protestants that I have talked with on the matter, assert in effect their own personal infallibility and treat with contempt any suggestions as to results of scholarship in matters of text or meaning. Men of more culture or wider outlook find some method of evasion, which is essentially dishonest or admit privately what they are afraid to say publicly.

No wonder religion has very little to do with the lives and conduct of men when it consists of improbable and often meaningless bits of information about what has happened in the remote past. No wonder we make little advance in social welfare, in care of dependents and delinquents, in getting rid of wars, in tolerance of varying opinions and practices, when our great Church Machine busies itself with these trivialities and absurdities. Our schools pride themselves on inculcating the scientific spirit. Children learn from table talk and from the newspaper and from the very atmosphere in which they live and move and have their being, that they live in a world of order, that all truth must be constantly tested by experience, that even good must constantly give way to better: yet we expect them to get inspiration for worthy living from meaningless creeds, from the singing of crude medieval hymns, from dull presentation of trivial history. So an uninteresting and uninspiring thing called Christianity is supposed to give life and leading.

It is the desire of the writer to suggest certain propositions for the consideration of the readers of UNITY. The first is that no matters of mere fact whether of history or nature can be anything more than a foundation for religion; they are not at all its subject matter. Moreover such things can only be determined by the methods of the scientist and on the basis of his assumptions. These methods center about a balancing of probability and evidence, and involve a kind of natural world that may be depended on to behave in a manner essentially uniform. The miracle, in any other sense than that of a surprising and unexplained happening is definitely excluded. A second proposition is that religion is essentially a choice of a future to be built on a present, known as aforesaid. It necessarily involves a creative freedom on the part of man; in a predestined or predetermined world he might have the feelings and behavior of religion as a marionette may have the action of a man, but this would be merely due to the way he is made, and would have no more meaning in the one case than in the other. A supreme purpose with a drive behind it, that is a religion. Medieval times had such a religion; a supreme purpose to keep out of hell, and to get into heaven, and fear as a driving power. Our time doesn't believe in hell and has found no supreme purpose to replace the lost one. Naturally in default of any gripping and compelling ideal they have turned to mere temporary enjoyment and in the pursuit of it have come up against social difficulties the overcoming of which has resulted in an extreme criminal generation. But the Church has only futilities to offer. This man is obsessed with a desire for money and it offers him the virgin birth; this boy is being carried off his feet by sexual desire and he gets the trinity; here's one whose longing turns to adventure and his church tells him of the infallibility of the scriptures. This is the merest piffle: ignoble purposes can only be set aside by nobler and more interesting purposes.

And now thirdly, the only satisfying choice is that of a happy and friendly humanity, unitedly engaged in the task of eliminating disease, crime and conflict; planning such arrangement of necessary drudgeries as will leave all free for much leisure; using available power for the general good rather than for private and special

privilege. We have plenty of intelligence among us to accomplish all this, but we have not the will for it; and the church should so hold the vision before us that we should come to realize that this is our deepest heart's desire. But this is a mere Utopia!—certainly it is, and also the Messianic kingdom, and the kingdom of God, and the kingdom of heaven for which we pray as a thing to come "on earth as in heaven" without in the least believing in it or feeling any responsibility for making it come. "Let God do it" isn't a whit better than "Let George do it." How petty and silly are the things that are preached when this great creative task lies undone! To throw such petty and silly things abroad on the radio is a desecration of that great modern miracle.

Probably the Church Machine will continue to broadcast its piffle, and probably our civilization will go on starving its miners and shooting them down when they struggle for some decent share in our abounding comfort. Probably our money-ridden nation will continue to enforce its will on hostile peoples for the sake of our adventurers, and then take our boys to kill and be killed to save the profits. There seems no likelihood that the Church Machine will take any real responsibility for relegating our unworthy and inefficient public servants to the scrap-heap where they belong, to replace them with builders of the kingdom of God. There are a few noble and dedicated souls who are wearing out their lives in struggling to make the Machine tackle the Great Task. There seems to be no likelihood that they will succeed. Our wealth of which half or more is now in the hands of 1% of our people will continue to concentrate and the Church Machine will continue to bid, by obedience, for its share of the loot. Our courts will continue to limit the opportunities of the workingmen to combine for better conditions and to increase the power of the men who employ, to reduce them to serfdom. Our Government will continue to block the way to peace and will build up its armies and navies for the "next war," prostituting our schools and colleges into war-schools and the Christian Church will make no effective protest. This is *probable,* and that our civilization will hasten on the down-grade of imperialism to the destruction which awaits such civilizations. But it may be *possible* that a faithful prophet will appear, that the people will repent like those of Ninevah; that the Church will rediscover Jesus and his teaching, forget its present day stupidities, and assume the glorious creative task which awaits the doing. JESSE H. HOLMES.

Jottings

The Editor of UNITY really and truly knows how to spell the word, "villainy." But nobody would ever guess it from his editorial as published in the January 23rd issue, page 311. Why are such chance errors never seen until they sear the eye like a lightning flash on the printed page?

We are sorry that UNITY was able to make no comment upon Mr. Coolidge's speech at the Pan-American Congress. The fact is, the President's deeds in Nicaragua were making such a noise that we could not hear his words in Cuba.

Great men were born a hundred years ago, in 1828 —LEO TOLSTOY, HENRIK IBSEN, GEORGE MEREDITH, DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, JULES VERNE. In addition, OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born two hundred years ago (1728), JOHN BUNYAN three hundred years ago (1628), and GEOFFREY CHAUCER six hundred years ago (1328). Here's the chance for some centennial celebrations.

When Chiang-Kai-Shek wants to kill Chinese, he calls them Communists. When the United States wants to kill Nicaraguans, we call them bandits. "What's in a name?" Very frequently, Death.

Isn't America prosperous? Starving miners in Ohio and Colorado, idle mill hands in Massachusetts, discharged employees generally, may not know it. But look at the Income Tax Report! Two hundred and twenty-eight Americans have an income of not less than one million dollars a year. Isn't that prosperity? It sure is, according to American standards.

J. H. H.

Russia at Peace Conference, December, 1927

From "benighted Russia" on this December morn
The clarion call for Peace on Earth again is born.
Around the mighty ramparts of the world
The giant of the north the flag unfurled
For peace and brotherhood. May all mankind pray
That from the depths they've learned the way
To holier things than war.
The nations gasp—it cannot be
The tyrannous from tyranny are free
Striving for ideals reaching far!
Ideals which some day will be made to glow
Crystal white as Russia's winter snow.
Ideals, bright as her golden domes glittering in the sun,
Russia—writing a page of history on the face
Of time,—most daring story of the human race.
Russia, inscrutable, mysterious, your day has just begun.

LIDA WHEELER MACGOWAN.

The Method and Meaning of Quiet

Part III

One of the most elemental aspects of the ordinary consciousness of man is his sense of being separate from all the rest of the universe. On every side he is confronted with the seeming, and seemingly unescapable, fact that of "I," and, "not I." His entire experience of life is cleft right through, from top to bottom, with this "I" all alone on one side, all alone, and over against it—everything else! Turn which way he will, everything is *other* than he, every creature is strange, hostile, at bottom fighting against him for its very existence. Even every human being is *another* creature from himself. It is his mouth *or* the other man's that must get the food; his back *or* the other man's that must feel the warmth of the coat. Always between himself and every other thing, animal, and man there is this wall, which he cannot demolish, bore under, or climb over. He is a Frankenstein, unable anywhere to find a being with which he can commune, with which he can merge himself, in which he can lose himself, lose himself even to the point where he feels that the other *is* himself. A prisoner in the universe, seemingly doomed forever to solitary confinement, shut in on every side by walls, walls, walls—walls of self.

When this illusion strikes a highly sensitized soul in all the vividness of its seeming, it is agonizing and overpowering. To most men it does not come so painfully because there has not yet emerged in them premonitions of a higher order of reality with which it conflicts, but, for this very reason, it all the more completely dominates all their feeling, thinking, and acting. Well nigh the whole world today seems obsessed and gone mad with a sense of the supreme importance of each individual man to himself. Self-centered desires and fears are everywhere in conflict with the self-centered desires and fears of others. Turn where you will, you find the security, comfort, influence, place, power, of one man (or of one group of men) set over against those of other men. And everywhere you have men, for the sake of these things, intimidating, fighting, killing other men or the groups with which these men have identified their individual advantage. Out of this has come all our social strife, wars of class and wars of nation and race, all one person's preying upon and using another person, whether as wage-slave or prostitute. It is too long a story to trace through here. But I believe that, taken in its furthest ramifications, this sense of separateness is responsible for the major ills that rack and ruin human life today. And I believe that it is hopeless to look for a really better society until this selfishness has disappeared from human hearts.

But this sense of separateness is an illusion. Unable though most men are as yet to sense it, the universe is one, the knower is one with the known, nay, *is* the known, and I am my neighbor. Not two, not division, but harmony, peace, joy unutterable to the foundations of the universe, and everything that is now going on, in its right place for the ultimate realization of this peace and joy and fulness of life by all.

And this is something which the human race is even now slowly evolving the faculty to see, as directly and immediately as most men see a tree or a mountain. The awareness of this will be a new and elemental factor of first-hand experience which men would never have reached through the unaided mind, but which, once seen, the mind will have no difficulty to accept as reasonable. And the mind may then go on to work over this experience, to explain it and to relate it to other fields of experience, but it will never be able to explain it away. And as this form of consciousness becomes more prevalent, our present welter of greed and fear and hate will vanish as a gossamer mist before the rising sun. For, with the deepening sense of the oneness of all men and of the entire universe, it will increasingly and literally become impossible for men to do other than love one another and serve the common good.

This, then, is the meaning of Quiet—that men are seeking and moving toward the realization of a new faculty of perception, are evolving an inner eye for seeing more truly than the outer eye of the body and more deeply than reason can penetrate. Like every other organism in the universe, man must make a satisfactory adjustment to his environment or perish. It is not enough that his life square with the universe as he thinks it to be. His "thinks" have nothing to do with it. The universe *is*—one way and not another—and if man does not act in conformity to what it is, he must suffer. If he bucks it too persistently and vigorously, if he fails to learn from his suffering to bring his life more nearly into line with the cosmic FACT, he will go down before it like a caterpillar before a steam-roller. All down through the ages of evolution, we see organisms effecting new adjustments. The time arrived when the old adjustment was not satisfactory enough. And under the urge of the will in them to live and to live better, they pushed on to a new adjustment. And this has been so with man too. When, in his far past, he was no longer able to make a sufficiently satisfactory adjustment to his environment with his unaided senses and instincts, then the rudiments of mind were evolved, and later, reason. And now again, we are in the midst of a stupendous change. More recently, the change is probably one that is going on more or less all the time. But now we have reached a point in it when we can begin to catch and follow the lineaments of a new unfoldment. The results obtained by the power of the mind to sift, to sort, to refine, to relate and to interpret what after all are still the data of merely sensory experience, the results obtained by all the faculties put together that belong to this self-conscious period of man's unfoldment, are quite obviously and now even disastrously failing to probe into the reality of the universe deeply enough, and to make an adjustment to that reality which will yield to the individual a life that is satisfying and to society an arrangement that is enduring. And so the creative urge in human life, call it God or what you will, is compelling man on, on, to the acquisition of a new faculty. This faculty will come out of the side of man that is intuitive rather than rational. Here, indeed, he will have to set thought quite aside and turn to that which he most deeply feels. Yet it will not be a matter of entrusting himself to the froth and fickleness of his mere emotions. From all this it will differ as the calm, unmoved, unchanging depths of deepest ocean differ from the waves on its surface, which are never still but move in response to every passing wind. It will be a matter of plumbing down, deep, deep down, to that conscious-

ness which *underlies* all thought but of which most men live in complete unawareness, to that world of truest Being which is the true life of each individual but yet transcends all limits of the personal, which is the true life of *every* man and likewise of every animal, and every created thing in the universe. It is a matter of removing from our eyes all the narrowing and distorting squint of personal desires and fears, and peering down beneath the surface of change and seeming which invests all things, to the World-as-It-Really-*Is* (or, more exactly, to that next *approximation* to it, for which our present development has made us ready)—to observe how the tide flows here, to learn what here is *real,* to see our own little lives in relation to this cosmic *fact* and to note the demands which this cosmic *fact* makes upon the direction and content of our spiritual endeavors.

This faculty will vastly enlarge the sweep of man's horizon, and will lay at his feet huge stores of new materials of experience. It may be that man's intellect will always come in to work this material over as it has worked over the material of the senses, still as before sifting it, sorting it, relating and explaining it. Yet this faculty will transcend the intellect. It will not violate it, any more than the eye and ear were violated when, in the course of evolution, the "evidence of the senses" was compelled to yield to the deliverance of reason. This faculty will not violate reason, but it will transcend it. Its method will not be that of deduction or proof or argument, but without any argument and in spite of any and all proof to the contrary, through its eyes men will directly and immediately *see* what *is*. And the most important thing they will see is this—that the nightmare of separateness which has haunted all the distinctively self-conscious period of their existence on the earth, is an illusion; that the outstanding fact of life is *not* the individual *and* the world, the individual and set over against him all else in the universe; that the fundamental fact of life is the oneness of man with man and of all men with all creation.

There is nothing abnormal about this experience. To be sure, it is unusual and, also, what is called "mystical." And at a mystic, this western world of ours is rather inclined to look askance. But, after all, a mystic is only one to whom has come a first-hand and immediate experience of Reality, which has made him more in harmony with it and more at home in it. Ordinarily, it would be called an experience of God. And it was in just such experience that the greatest religions have had their origin, and without such experience there never has been and cannot be anything that should be called religion. It was such an experience that came to Buddha under the Bo tree, to Jesus at his baptism and on the Mount of Transfiguration, to Paul on the road to Damascus, to Edward Carpenter on his little place near Sheffield, and to every soul that has penetrated through to a revolutionizing perception of what is real in the universe. Every seer has been a mystic. Of course, today as always, great masses of people who have no use for the mystical will take the mystic's name and faithfully perform the ceremonies and support the institutions which have grown up around the mystic's memory, and they will think that they are religious and will consider the mystic abnormal. But as a matter of fact, mysticism (though, like many other things, open to perversion) may be as normal as the founder of their religion, and they will never truly deserve the name religious until they have actually shared something of his mystical experience. For religion has to do with a man's relation to a transcendental reality, to God. And nothing can be real to any man until he has had some experience of it. The sun simply does not exist for any man who has never felt its warmth nor seen it. And likewise of the earth and the air, of music and the sound of the human voice, of food and drink, and everything else. And no less of God, of the reality of universe. The man who has not somehow in his own heart, seen God, heard God, felt God, really *has* no God. He may talk about God as though he knew him better than his bosom friend. He may hold big theories about God and let his life be greatly influenced by the force of his conviction that those theories are true. He may be devoted to church services and church ritual. He may be very ethical in all his relations with his family and with society. Nevertheless, God cannot be a constant reality for that man, a living presence, unless he has had some experience of God to make him real—that is to say, unless he be a mystic. It is of course possible to be more mystical or less mystical, just as it is possible to be more or less spiritual. But to be truly spiritual or religious at all, it is necessary to be mystical somewhat.

The sort of experience which we have been describing, then, belongs with the experience of all truly religious people, and differs from the general run of all genuine religious experience only in being more complete and therefore more revolutionizing. Naturally, therefore, it may be expected that it will come first to those who, physically, mentally, and morally, are among the most developed members of human society. And the outstanding men and women to whom it has come already are in fact recognized as persons of that high order.

Nor is there anything supernatural about it. Jesus and Buddha are only among the first and most outstanding cases of the experience. From one point of view, they may be regarded only as persons thrown up by the latent hunger in the heart of mankind to attain the end of its earthly existence, to know what *really is* and to make the adjustment to that Reality which all knowledge of it makes inevitable and upon which fulness of life depends. The seers may be regarded as a kind of tentacle pushed ahead by this will-to-know in human life, to feel about and gather experience in a realm for which most men are not yet ready, or as pushed upon onto the calloused shoulders of common men, from this vantage point to peer into the unknown distance ahead and discern whither all life tends. But what has happened to these men first will come to all men in time, in due time, and without fail. They are only "the first born of many brethren." Indeed, these men only indicate the way, the next milestone or so on ahead. It is not too much to expect that the whole human race shall at last pass *beyond* anything that has yet been reached by any human being who has ever lived, even by a Buddha or a Jesus. In human life, we see God fashioning a *world* of Christs, aye, of *super*-Christs!*

BILL SIMPSON.

[*Concluded.*]

*For anyone who would go more thoroughly into the subject treated under Part II, I would recommend the reading of "Cosmic Consciousness" by R. M. Bucke, "The Art of Creation" by Edward Carpenter, and "Tertium Organum" by P. D. Ouspensky.

[This article will be reprinted in the form of a pamphlet. Copies of it may be obtained without charge from Hal Miller, 292 Maple Ave., Wallington (Passaic), N. J., but contributions to the printing fund will be received gratefully.—EDITOR.]

Three Billion Dollars for the Navy

It was with amazement and dismay that the plain people of the country read last week the disclosure by the Secretary of the Navy of the Administration's plan for a naval building program covering twenty years at a cost of three billion dollars; and the shock of the announcement was the greater, coming as it did at the very time that the Secretary of State proclaimed his proposal for an all-inclusive treaty with France, Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan, pledging mutual agreement by these six great powers to put an end to war as a public policy, by the submission of every dispute to arbitration. If the end of the war system was decreed, why this startling proposal of great new armaments for this country and the implication that we, at least, assumed that the war system would continue for twenty years? It seemed as if, while speaking with the voice of Jacob, we showed the hands of Esau.

For the moment, an appropriation of three quarters of a billion was asked for, cut down from the billion by which we had at first been startled. The big navy group at Washington, which had been rather subdued since the 1921 Disarmament Conference, instantly found its voice, and besieged Congress for provision at this session for 15 new cruisers, 9 destroyer leaders, 32 submarines, and 5 air-craft carriers. The naval party in Congress itself is much more urgent than the Secretary of the Navy. He asked that the period for the expenditure of the $725,000,000 should be left to the Administration, subject to the course of international politics. They demand that the period shall be immediately fixed and be short. They don't want a big navy "on paper," but in "iron and steel."

It is in the light of this portentous situation that the latest letters of Frank Simonds, cabled to the American papers from London where at the moment he is, are of such deep significance. These letters deal exclusively with this new naval rivalry between the United States and Great Britain, the two great naval powers, as viewed in the political, commercial and journalistic circles in London. Few American correspondents are better informed on international affairs than Mr. Simonds, none knows English sentiment better, and none has more fully earned the ear of the American people. Our politicians and our people need to pay serious heed to the words of a man like Mr. Simonds, solemnly iterated and now reiterated, before committing themselves irretrievably to a costly and dangerous naval competition with Great Britain, leading they know not whither, but certainly leading to strained relations with our closest and most powerful international friend, involving possible consequences of the gravest seriousness. Can we afford to gamble on that mighty and sacred friendship?

Mr. Simonds recognizes, with everybody else who has followed the matter, the disastrous outcome of the Geneva Naval Conference last summer. It was most inadequately prepared for, it quickly fell out of the hands of the statesmen, and became a sparring between the naval experts, and its inevitable failure was an international tragedy, leaving the situation as between Great Britain and the United States vastly worse than it was before. On top of this mournful blunder comes the worse blunder of our new big navy program, heralded in the worst possible manner, at the worst possible time. Concerning this, Mr. Simonds says: "There is just one practical consequence of our naval program. With its publication all serious prospect of limitation of armaments, much more of disarmament, in Europe comes to an end for an indefinite period."

The English government and the English people recognize that if we want to go into a naval competition with them, regardless of cost, aiming at what we call parity, and they regard as supremacy, we can of course distance them in the race, since their resources are limited and ours are not. On what ground should we demand or desire naval parity with Great Britain? "If we do build," says Mr. Simonds, "British public opinion will harden into a bitterness which has never before existed." "There is a unanimous conviction that the United States has no physical need of, and therefore, no moral right to, a navy which in the cruiser detail approximates parity with the British." The ordinary Englishman is simply puzzled at our whole course. "The question, What on earth do you need the ships for? is," says Mr. Simonds, "almost the inevitable question to any American in London."

What on earth do we need them for? The reasons for Britain's need of a strong navy, in the present world conditions, are obvious. She is dependent upon open and safe sea routes for her safety and her very life. Without them she has not production and resources in the island sufficient for two months; and her dominions, in whose protection she is involved, are scattered all over the world. We, on the other hand, have inexhaustible resources, are practically self-contained, and absolutely safe from any possible attack; while the pretense, given utterance at Washington last week, that we need a big navy to protect our ocean commerce in case of attack, is buncomb. Who could want to attack our commerce? Who is able to do it? In the absurd contingency, how long would it take to engineer defense?

The whole talk, the three billion dollar naval talk and all the rest, is a gigantic bluff; and it discredits the American people that they have been patient with it so long. Have they so soon forgotten what naval competition between Great Britain and Germany led to? Do they realize that our proposals are tragically impoverishing an already impoverished world? Do they know, or do they seriously ask themselves, whether we really have any consistent or definite foreign policy, or whether under an amateur statesmanship we are simply living by the day, without a goal and without a compass.

Our President reiterates on recurring auspicious occasions that America's policy is a policy of peace, and that our vocation is to lead the world away from the war system; although we refuse to co-operate with the organized family of nations in its conference and court functions. Our Secretary of State is at the moment trying to say world peace with all-inclusive arbitration treaties. Our Secretary of the Treasury just tells us that of every dollar expended by the federal government, 83 cents go for past and future wars, and 17 cents for ordinary civil functions. "When the average citizen grumbles over the size of his income tax," says Mr. Mellon, "he often visualizes his hard-earned money being spent by the government on business and agricultural conditions, or to erect public buildings, carry on scientific investigations, or to make and enforce laws. As a matter of fact, only about one-sixth of the tax-

payer's dollar goes into the multitudinous civil functions added together." The budgets are largely concerned with "the costs of past and future wars."

Ex-Secretary Hughes recently said: "So far as we can see into the future, the United States is not in the slightest danger of aggression. In no single power and in no possible combination of powers lies any menace to our security." Does not every sensible American know this without being told it by so high an authority? Yet the Secretary of the Navy, evidently speaking for somebody higher up, tells us that we must prepare to spend three billion dollars in the next twenty years on the big navy. What are the people going to do about it? "If three billions" does not wake them up, it is hard to think what will. Clearly there is a fearful day of judgment ahead for somebody.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Boston, Mass.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XX AND XXI

The First Night

It was no easy thing to issue the first number of *Indian Opinion* from Phoenix. Had I not taken two precautions, the first issue would have had to be dropped or delayed. I had little inclination to have an engine to work the press. I had thought that hand-power would be more in keeping with the atmosphere where agricultural work too was to be done by the hand. But as it had not appeared feasible, we had installed an oil-engine. I had, however, suggested to West to have something handy to fall back upon in case the engine failed. He had, therefore, a wheel which could be worked by the hand. The size of the paper was that of a daily and was considered unsuitable in an out of the way place like Phoenix. So it was reduced to the foolscap size, in order that in case of emergency copies might be struck off with the help of a treadle. In the initial stages, we had all to keep late hours before the day of publication of the paper. Every one, young and old, had to help in folding the sheets, and we usually finished our work between ten o'clock and midnight. But the first night was unforgettable. The pages were locked but the engine refused to work. We had got out from Durban an engineer to put up the engine and set it going. He and West tried their hardest, but to no avail. Everyone was anxious. West in despair at last came to me, with eyes wet, and said, "The engine will not work, and I am afraid we cannot issue the paper in time."

"If that is the case, we cannot help it. But it is no use shedding tears over it. Let us do whatever else it is humanly possible to do. What about the hand-wheel?" I said, comforting him.

"Where have we the men to work it? We are not enough to cope with it. It requires relays of four men each, and our own men are all tired."

Building work had not yet been finished, and so the carpenters were still with us. They were sleeping on the press floor. I said, pointing to them, "But can't we make use of these carpenters? And we may have a whole night of work. I think this device is still open to us."

"I dare not wake up the carpenters. And our men are really too tired," said West.

"Well, that's for me to negotiate," said I.

"Then it is possible that we may get through the work," said West.

I woke up the carpenters and requested their co-operation. They needed no pressure. They said, "If we cannot be called upon in an emergency, what use are we? You rest yourselves and we will work the wheel. For us it is easy work." Our own men were of course ready.

West was greatly delighted and started singing a hymn as we set to work. I partnered the carpenters, and all the rest joined turn by turn, and thus we went on until 7 a. m. There was still quite a lot to do. So I suggested to West that the engineer might now be asked to get up and try again to start the engine, so that if he succeeded we might finish in time.

West woke him up, and he immediately went into the engine room. And lo and behold! the engine worked almost as soon as he started it. The whole press rang with peals of joy. "How could this be? How is it that all our labors last night were of no avail, and this morning it has been set going as though there was nothing wrong with it?" I inquired.

"It is difficult to say," said West or the engineer, I forget who. "Machines also sometimes seem to behave as though they required rest like us."

For me, the failure of the engine had come as a test for us all, and its working in the nick of time was the fruit of our honest and earnest labors.

The copies were dispatched in time, and every one was happy.

This initial insistence insured regularity of the paper, and created an atmosphere of self-reliance in Phoenix. There came a time when we deliberately gave up the use of the engine and worked with the hand-power only. Those were, to my mind, the days of the highest moral uplift for Phoenix.

Polak Takes the Plunge

It has been a perpetual regret with me that though I started the settlement at Phoenix I could stay there only for brief intervals. My original idea was gradually to retire from practice, go and settle at Phoenix, earn my livelihood by manual work there, and find the joy of service in the fulfillment of Phoenix. But it was not to be. I have found in my experience that man makes his plans to be often upset by God, but I have also seen that where the ultimate goal is the search of truth, no matter how one's plans are frustrated, the issue is never injurious and is often better than expected. The unexpected turn that Phoenix took and the unexpected happenings were certainly not injurious, though it is difficult to say that they were better than our expectations.

In order to enable every one of us to make a living on manual labor, we parceled out the land round the press in pieces of three acres each. One of these fell to my lot. On all these plots we, in spite of ourselves,

built houses with corrugated iron. Our desire was to have mud huts thatched with straw or small brick houses such as would become ordinary peasants, but it could not be. They would have been more expensive and would have meant more time, and every one was eager to settle down as soon as possible.

The editor was still Mansukhlal Nazar. He had not accepted the new scheme and was living in Durban where there was a branch office for *Indian Opinion*. Though we had paid compositors, the idea was for every member of the settlement to learn type-setting, the easiest, if the most tedious, of the processes in a printing press. Those, therefore, who did not know it already, learnt it. I remained a dunce to the last and Maganlal Gandhi surpassed us all. Though he had never before worked in a press, he became an expert compositor and not only achieved great speed but to my agreeable surprise quickly mastered all the other branches of press work. I have always thought that he himself was not conscious of his own capacity. We had hardly settled down, the buildings were hardly ready, when I had to leave the newly constructed nest to go to Johannesburg. I was not in a position to allow the work there to remain unattended to for any length of time.

On return to Johannesburg, I informed Polak of the important changes I had made. His joy knew no bounds to learn that the loan of his book had been so fruitful. "Is it not possible," he asked, "for me to take part in the new venture?" "Certainly," said I. "You may if you like join the settlement." "I am quite ready, if you will admit me."

His determination captured me. He gave a month's notice to his chief to be relieved from the *Critic*, and reached Phoenix in due course. By his sociability he won the hearts of all and soon became a member of the family. Simplicity was so much in his grain that far from feeling the life at Phoenix in any way strange or hard, he took to it like fish to water. But I could not keep him there long. Mr. Ritch had decided to finish his legal studies in England, and it was impossible for me to bear the burden of the office single-handed, and so I suggested to Polak to join the office and qualify as an attorney. I had thought that ultimately both of us would retire and settle at Phoenix, but that was not to be. Polak's was such a trustful nature that when he reposed his confidence in a friend he would try to agree with him instead of arguing with him. He wrote to me to say that though he loved the life there, and was perfectly happy, and had hopes to develop the settlement, still he was ready to leave and join office to qualify as an attorney if I thought that thereby we would realize our ideals quicker. I heartily welcomed the letter. Polak left Phoenix, came to Johannesburg and signed his articles.

About the same time a Scotch Theosophist whom I had been helping to get ready to qualify for a local legal examination also joined as an articled clerk, on my inviting him to follow Polak's example. His name was Mr. MacIntyre.

Thus with the laudable object of quickly realizing the ideals at Phoenix I seemed to be going deeper and deeper into a contrary current, and had God not willed otherwise I should have found myself entrapped in the net spread in the name of simple life.

It will take a few more chapters before I describe how I and my ideals were saved in a way no one had imagined or expected.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Glimpses of Near and Far East

The Philippines—A Way Out

A week in the island of Luzon on top of preparatory study gives justification not for cocksureness of any kind but for passing on to others impressions gained there for what they may be worth. It was illuminating to interview all sorts and conditions of Filipino men and women and find not one who was not fired with the independence fever. Authorities most widely and intimately conversant with the situation had no hesitation in declaring that a plebescite on the question of "Should independence be granted now to the Philippines?" would overwhelmingly support the affirmative. The Sulu group and part of Mindanao where the Moros live would probably vote against this proposition. But the trouble would begin immediately after such a decision had been rendered, when the next problem, "What should be the nature of the independence granted?" would face Congress and the Filipino people. For the island population would at once be divided into groups favoring, say, dominion status or a relationship like that of Cuba, a protectorate, special trade privileges, or other such adjustments. Intertribal differences at once would loom large and the kind of independence granted might precipitate conditions that would make the present seem in retrospect quite heavenly. For there is good authority for the thesis that as colonies go, the Philippines represent the most enlightened stage in the treatment of a dependency inhabited by a race different from the population of the controlling country yet evolved on this problem-burdened planet.

What is needed in the Philippines is an independent status and a method of attaining it satisfactory to all the leading tribes who inhabit the islands. How can it be known what that desideratum is? Neither our Congress nor the Filipino Legislature can be relied upon to forget politics and display statesmanship great and unselfish enough to hit upon the appropriate solution of this complex question.

But it is morally certain that the right sort of a commission might turn this trick. For example, if each of the leading tribes containing a respectably sized number of members should be empowered to elect under guarantees of fairness one English speaking representative and if an equal number of commissioners should be appointed in America, comprising a Senator and a Congressman from each of our political parties, a few experts in Government from our universities plus a couple of ex-Governors of the islands to contribute personal experience in handling Philippine problems, and if these commissioners should be authorized to go to it and, seated about a round table, find a way to independence ideally worthy of the parties to this forward step in world statesmanship, there is little doubt as to what the outcome would be.

Such a modus operandi was declared by authorities

in the islands to be both feasible and the wisest way out of the dilemma which our nation faces. The practically unanimous findings of such a commission would without doubt commend themselves to our Congress and the process of thus solving the delicate and difficult situation would mightily influence for good the colonial policy of all the other great powers.

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

The Study Table

Reviews by John Haynes Holmes

An Attack on Protestanism

Mr. Dieffenbach's attack on Protestantism in this book* is direct and thorough-going. Perhaps we should say, rather, his attack on *Protestant churches;* for it is his claim that Protestantism, as a revolutionary proclamation of religious liberty, as over against the religious authoritarianism of the Middle Ages, does not exist, and never has existed. It was strangled in the beginning by leaders who, frightened by the consequences of their own rebellion, took hasty refuge in a new citadel, this time an infallible Bible in place of an infallible church. The idea, therefore, that religious liberty came into the world with the Reformation, is an illusion, and nowhere so complete an illusion as in America. We have no genuine liberty, because there is no liberty in the churches, nor in the hearts of their people. We have laws, Constitutional provisions, judicial decisions guaranteeing liberty, but these are the mere forms of the ideal. "The reality of the matter is," says Mr. Dieffenbach, "that neither by Constitution, nor by legislation . . . can any such grace as liberty be imputed to man. Liberty is a gift of the spirit." And it is just this gift which has been denied to the Protestant churches. "The state of mind in ninety per cent of Pan-Protestantism," says our author, is that "of distrusting freedom." All this is well and correctly stated.

More specifically, this book is an attack not so much on Protestantism, or the Protestant churches, as it is on the Fundamentalism which Mr. Dieffenbach asserts is dominant in these churches. We believe that Mr. Dieffenbach, in his very passion of hatred for this monstrous hybrid of ignorance and superstition, which he has fought so vigorously and effectively, has painted the picture altogether too black. Much of what he writes, true four, three, even two years ago, is not true now in the same way or to the same degree. It is our opinion that the Fundamentalist flood reached its crest with Bryan at Dayton, and that, with the death of Bryan, it began to ebb, and has been ebbing ever since. The subsidence of stormy controversy, which Mr. Dieffenbach himself recognizes, is due, we believe, not to the triumph of Fundamentalism over Modernism, as he contends, but rather to the impact upon Fundamentalism of a sane, intelligent, and irresistible public opinion outside the churches altogether. Fundamentalism might swamp Modernism, but not the great mass of our highly secularized society. Fundamentalism was checked, in other words, at the very point where Mr. Dieffenbach fears it most—namely, in the legislatures, the courts, and the great open forums of Amercan life.

Where Mr. Dieffenbach is right, gloriously right, is in his assertion that Modernism and the Modernist leaders in the churches had nothing to do with the staying of this plague. In nothing is this book more valuable than in its documented story of the fight in the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Episcopalian churches, and the shame of the Modernists in their cowardice, truculency, and easy surrender to the powers of darkness in their respective folds. Mr. Dieffenbach minces no words in this narrative; he does not hesitate to name names, and to quote chapter and verse. We shall give this book a permanent place in our library, for the sake of this accurate record and scathing indictment of a shameful chapter in Protestant history.

We marked numerous points of dissent in Mr. Dieffenbach's volume, as we read it. Especially did we deplore his chapter on "Theology, the Main Ingredient." How could he write (p. 159) that "every religious leader in history has been a great theologian"? Jesus was no theologian, nor St. Francis, nor John Fox! But we marked far more points of vigorous assent, of which the book itself, as a whole, stands first. We like this book. It is clear, honest, vigorous. straightforward. It has the shout of battle and the challenge of victory in its pages. Above all, it is a blow for liberty, which still cries out for champions. We saluate the gallant editor of the *Christian Register,* and rejoice in his work.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case Again!

The Sacco-Vanzetti case will not down. Good Massachusetts respectables, jealous of the honor of their state, are expecting, or at least hoping, that a case which made so much noise in the world, will speedily be forgotten. But they are doomed to disappointment. The trial and death of these two alien workingmen can no more be forgotten than the trial and death of Callas or John Brown. There are certain cases which become, just because of the completness of the triumph of the established order of society, turning-points in the history of that order. They are remembered, until the enthroned injustice which wrought them is done away. They thus become not ends but starting-points. Nothing was finished in the Charlestown jail, but infinitely much was started!

Eugene Lyons's book,* now on our table, is the first of a long series of books surely destined to appear and carry far the knowledge and message of Sacco and Vanzetti. The central chapters of the volume repeat the story of the trial told so ably by Felix Frankfurter in his famous and infinitely useful book published at the crisis of the battle for the lives of the two doomed men. Lacking the legal authority which made that book so impressive a performance, Mr. Lyons's chapters have a quality of drama and color which is all their own. For Mr. Lyons is the story-teller, where Professor Frankfurter was the scholar. The two books, therefore, covering here the same ground, excellently supplement one another.

But this new volume has distinctive material of its own which, as in the earlier portions, Professor Frank-

*"Religious Liberty: The Great American Illusion," by Albert C. Dieffenbach. Published by William Morrow & Co. $1.50.

*"The Life and Death of Sacco and Vanzetti," by Eugene Lyons. Published by the International Publishers, New York. $1.50.

furter did not for his purpose want to use, or, as in the later portions, was not able to use. Thus, Mr. Lyons tells in much detail the intensely interesting story of the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti before they were so suddenly lifted into the limelight of publicity. Their boyhood in Italy, their bitter struggle for livelihood in America, their development of class-consciousness and conversion to radicalism—all this is set down as the background of the alien laboring man in this country without which the Sacco-Vanzetti case cannot be understood. Not until we see this case as a revelation of what the "decadent ruling class" of America proposes to do with labor, do we really *see* it at all!

Then, in the closing chapters, which comprise a good third of the entire volume, the author tells the story of the case as it developed through those dreadful summer days, down to the black night of the execution, and after. Everything is set down—here are all the facts, all the events, all the characters. It is a story to stop the breath. Who can doubt that in such a tale there is a prophecy of the future which no man dares yet to face!

Mr. Lyons's volume is the first complete history of Sacco and Vanzetti which has yet been published. It is written with marvelous moderation, especially when viewed from the standpoint of the author's Communist affiliations and his close identification with the defense committee. Mr. Lyons was wise enough to write not a propaganda pamphlet but an accurate, sober, yet thrilling history. He has placed all lovers of truth in his debt, and added an indispensable document to the literature of this great cause.

Correspondence

Ponsonby and the Prime Minister

Editor of UNITY:

A jotting in UNITY of December 26th calls attention to the presentation to Mr. Baldwin by Arthur Ponsonby, M. P., of his "Peace Letter to the Prime Minister." This was presented by Mr. Ponsonby in person who took thirteen bulky packages containing the signatures of 128,770 persons. Regarding this number Mr. Ponsonby wrote, in a long explanatory letter accompanying the "Peace Letter," "The number of signatories only represents those whom a single individual without any organization or large fund behind him, and with very little outside assistance, has been able to approach by meetings or by correspondence. My difficulty has been not to get people to sign, but to reach the great multitude who want to sign. I am confident, therefore, that these 128,770 represent a far larger number."

England is undeniably very much alive to the problem of peace and war for Mr. Ponsonby's campaign, with some other contributory causes including, probably, Lord Cecil's resignation from his position in the League of Nations, has aroused the population to such a pitch that Frank Simonds describes the condition as a veritable "Peace Panic." One of his weekly letters to the American press says that a distinguished English journalist declared: "You will find England in the midst of a peace panic which has no precedent in my lifetime."

That is all the evidence we want to show that the people of England are far and away ahead of us in practical expression of their desire for lasting peace. In the news of the day the presentation of the Peace Letter was an incident. In point of fact it was an event not only of national but of international importance though it took place quietly without blare of trumpets, or waving of flags, or vocal demonstrations by the crowd, for the effect of this move will be felt far beyond the confines of England.

The sequel to the presentation of the "Peace Letter" came a few days later in Mr. Baldwin's reply. The Prime Minister had asked Mr. Ponsonby to see him, knowing that the latter had personally brought his petition, and had said "he would think the matter over very carefully so that he could give me a reply that would be more than a mere acknowledgement," as Mr. Ponsonby stated in an interview later. If Mr. Ponsonby thought this meant sympathy with or comprehension of his point of view he was doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Baldwin's reply gave not the slightest indication of any such attitude.

Mr. Baldwin wrote a long letter which read in part: "I have given careful consideration to the letter which you handed to me on the 8th instant. It ought not to be necessary for me to say that His Majesty's Government are as earnestly desirous to preserve peace as any signatory of this petition. The whole foreign policy of His Majesty's Government has been inspired by one purpose—the maintenance of peace and the prevention of war. Support of the League of Nations and the development of its authority have been the constant preoccupation of His Majesty's Government. Have the signatories of this pledge not to take up arms in any circumstances reflected that if their attitude were universally or even widely followed in this country, and the British navy and army ceased to exist in consequence, the inevitable result would be the collapse of the League of Nations? Their attitude, if they will reflect for a moment, is not merely a refusal to accept the Protocol of Geneva, but a repudiation of the Covenant itself. In fact, no greater incitement to war, could well be imagined."

But that Mr. Ponsonby is not daunted is shown by his reply to Mr. Baldwin: "May I briefly say that there are very many in addition to the signatories of the Peace Letter who do not consider that security based on an ultimate sanction of force is either likely to succeed or to strengthen the authority of the League. An amendment to the Covenant is, therefore, imperative. We are of the opinion that unprovoked aggression is a war myth. The difficulty experienced in formulating a definition of aggression and the reluctance even to accept any such definition of aggression confirm us in this view. So long as armaments for international conflict exist there will be competition, with its inevitable consequences. We refuse to believe that the military strength of the British Empire is the measure to be taken of its weight and influence in the Council of Nations."

In a letter, just received here, Mr. Ponsonby says, "The Prime Minister's reply is a depressing document. He has learned nothing and talks in the old pre-war language. It is preposterous that he should pretend that the League depends on the armaments of Great Britain. However, we are encouraged by the letters I get from strangers." So many additional signatures to the "Peace Letter" have been received since December 8, that Mr. Ponsonby intends to forward another batch soon to the Prime Minister.

Evidently the "Peace Panic" described by Frank Simonds is still in full swing in England, and its urge is resulting in a practical demonstration by the populace of their sentiments. "A thinking peasant makes a quaking throne." As soon as enough people think intelligently on the problems of peace and war, the war system is doomed and peace will prevail. Peace is ready to enfold the world but it will never come through fighting on fields of battle, on land, on sea or in air.

Persons in this country who are members of the No More War Movement, the Women's Peace Society, the Women's Peace Union or the Seattle Fellowship have signed a pledge similar to that of Mr. Ponsonby's "Peace Letter" but their number is insignificant in comparison to the number of Mr. Ponsonby's followers. If our people are to substantiate our claim of lovers of peace it would seem as if a pledge against war should become popular among us. If it were known at Washington that a powerful anti-war sentiment existed all through the land, too strong and too intelligent for any war propaganda to affect, it might be the means of hastening governmental procedures toward the Outlawry of War.

Brookline, Mass. LYDIA WENTWORTH.

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February 12, 11 a. m. A. Eustace Haydon, University of Chicago.

February 19, 11 a. m. Bishop Paul Jones, Fellowship of Reconciliation.

February 26, 11 a. m. Speaker to be announced.

THE PUBLIC IS INVITED
ALL SEATS ARE FREE.

RACE RELATIONS SUNDAY

February 12, 1928—Sixth Annual Observance—Lynching and Mob Violence: A Call to Penitence and Prayer

A Call to Penitence and Prayer

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." (I John 1:8.)

"Confess your faults one to another and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." (James 5:16.)

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. . . . Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and He shall lift you up." (James 4:6, 10.)

The sobering fact that more than four thousand people have been victims of lynching in our country has filled all people of goodwill with a sense of horror and shame. That mob violence should have continued through the years, so that in 1926 there were as many as thirty persons lynched in the United States, is so flagrantly opposed to the progress of right and brotherhood that all who are committed to the way of Christ are asked to observe a day of penitence and prayer that our American nation may be purged of this blot upon our civilization.

Lynching is a national crime which leaves its stain upon us all. Any community that flouts the dignity of the law and the courts of justice opens the way to the violent rule of the mob throughout the nation; it assaults the very ideals upon which our civilization is dependent. A nation's penitence and prayer must be summoned both to check the lynching evil and to build up deeper respect for the processes of justice and new attitudes of sympathetic understanding among all the people. In the attitude of penitence and in the atmosphere of prayer the best things come forth. In entering into the deep realities of penitence and prayer we take upon ourselves the guilt of those who blindly lead mob violence and the suffering of those who are its victims.

Let us with one accord call upon the Living God to have mercy upon our nation, to check the mad passions that rise within us, to establish in our midst moral discipline and self-control, to teach us true tolerance and brotherhood, to help us see our failures, and to give us vision of our possibilities. He is able to catch up our broken dreams and to enable us to be messengers of better understanding between all peoples.

The Evils of Lynching and Mob Violence

The sin and evil of mob violence in America have become a burden upon our conscience, a stain upon our national honor and a menace to our law and order. In 45 years ending with 1926, American mobs lynched 4,551 persons, about three-fourths of whom were Negroes, about ninety-one of whom were women. Only four states, namely: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont have never had a recorded lynching. In 1922 there were 57 victims of lynching mobs in the United States; in 1923 there were 33; in 1924 and 1925, there were 16 each year; in 1926 there were 30; and in 1927 to December 1 there were 15 victims, two of them burned at the stake.

Of what were these thousands of victims guilty? Some of them were guilty of no offense whatever. They were victims of mistaken identity, of unfounded suspicions, of wild mob madness. Some were lynched for very trivial causes, such as "quarreling with employer," "failing to turn out of road," "striking a man in altercation." Actual or attempted assault upon women, which many people think the sole cause of lynchings, was alleged in less than one-fourth of the cases and proven in court in none.

Many victims were tortured, mutilated, burned at the stake with a savagery unthinkable among civilized people. One woman, for example, was hanged to a limb by her feet, her body riddled by bullets and then ripped open with knives. Some of these scenes took place in sight of churches. Not infrequently, multitudes of men and women have gathered to see human beings tortured with hot irons, slashed with knives and slowly roasted to death. Sometimes, even little children have witnessed these savage scenes. Newspapers have sometimes announced in advance the time and place at which lynchings would occur, yet no steps were taken to prevent the occurrence.

What has been done about these thousands of mob murders? Sometimes some one has been arrested and questioned but hardly in one case in a thousand has there been a conviction in face of the fact that in most cases the mobs have murdered their victims openly or with little effort of concealment. Usually many persons in the community, including the officers of the law, may have recognized members of the mob, but nobody can be found who is willing as witness to identify them. Sometimes officers sworn to uphold the law have themselves taken part in lynchings. Photographs have been taken of those participating in such atrocities, but no efforts were made to punish the participants. Thus through sympathy or fear, the guilt of the mob is accepted by the whole com-

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An Appeal for the Miners

Editor of UNITY:

Today, in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Colorado, almost half a million American people are on the verge of starvation. They are struggling to maintain their right to continue working for the barely living wage which they were receiving up until April 1st of this year, when the mine owners served notice that they would not continue this wage. The wage at which they would have to return to work now is utterly inadequate to insure the miners healthy and decent living conditions. Don't you believe that in this country a man who wishes to work should receive a wage commensurate with his needs as the head of a family and as a self-respecting home-loving American citizen?

At this moment there are seventy thousand men out of work in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Thousands of them, with their families, have been evicted from the homes in which they have lived a lifetime. Entire districts are facing starvation, because the men who have been out of work for nine months or more cannot leave their families to hunt new jobs. Injunctions issued by the state courts of Pennsylvania forbid the distribution of relief to starving miners and their families, and in one case forbid the men attending church!

The Emergency Committee, at the request of the local miners' relief committees, has undertaken to tide some of these people through the winter by gathering money for food, and warm clothing. Quick action is necessary to save the lives of these people. Every day three times as many appeals pour into the office as can possibly be met with the funds on hand. "Food," they ask, "food at once, for our haggard wives, our waxen faced children, our growing boys and girls—the next generation of American citizens."

Money sent to the Emergency Committee will go direct to buy food in wholesale quantities, coal and medical attention, for the neediest families. Warm clothing, blankets, and children's garments can be sent to the New York headquarters of this committee, to be forwarded in quantity to the mining camps, or to Pittsburgh at 611 Penn Avenue, Room 307; to Ohio, Box 23a, Tiltonville, and to Colorado, Grace Church, 13th and Bannock Street, Denver.

If you would like more information about the present strike in the coal fields, the January 1st issue of the Social Service Bulletin of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, is devoted to the subject. Additional facts and printed material will be furnished by this office, as well as by Dr. Ward at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SUSANNA PAXTON.

munity. Only rarely is there any protest from the pulpits of the local churches.

Besides lynching, homes of law-abiding citizens have been bombed or burned because their neighbors wanted them to move or objected to their entry into the community. Peaceable men and women have been taken from their homes at night and mercilessly beaten and abused and often left helpless miles from those who could help them. Mobs with arms have defied constituted authorities of the law—local, state and federal—when they have undertaken to abuse persons acting contrary to their wishes.

Bad as this record is it can be changed. It is being changed. The number of lynchings has become less year by year except in 1926 when the victims—30 in number—nearly doubled those in each of the two preceding years. Public sentiment supported by public conscience will drive out lynching and mob violence. The churches and their members can speedily bring this about whenever they set themselves with conviction and determination unitedly to the task.

Every lynching that occurs is an indictment of Christianity before the world. American lynchings, according to the testimony of our missionaries abroad, are doing as much as anything else to hinder and discredit mission work around the world. Stories of American mobs burning persons at the stake, whipping and torturing human beings have been published throughout Europe, in Latin America, the Orient and in Africa. We must, therefore, Christianize ourselves or stand condemned in our efforts to Christianize others. It is incumbent that every church should continually strive for the application of the principles of Jesus to race relations. He believed the humblest human life sacred, and His followers should seek to instill that ideal into our national life.

Therefore, by the official action of the Federal Council of Churches, the constituent communions and their members are called to devote Sunday, February 12, 1928, to penitence and prayer to God for forgiveness of our national sin of lynching and lawlessness. Wherever white and colored church leaders can meet together for such prayer, it is very desirable that it be done.

Race Relations Sunday, proposed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, first observed in 1923 through the active cooperation of the Home Mission Boards, of Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, of thousands of local churches and their auxiliary societies and many social agencies, has become an event which is receiving attention in all parts of the nation. The date for the next annual observance is February 12, 1928.

This, our sixth Race Relations Sunday, may become, through meetings and other contacts a milestone in better acquaintance, better understanding and greater goodwill. This is a moral and religious crusade calling churches and cooperating agencies. The Indians, the original Americans, seek justice at our hands. The churches of America have been the foremost pioneers in the education and advancement of the Negro people. Today, through leaders of character and intelligence largely trained in schools supported by the mission funds of the churches, the Negroes are now asking for full participation in community and national life. The Japanese and Chinese are demanding that their admittance to America be upon the same basis as that of other foreigners. Mexican citizens within our borders are asking for liberal understanding and interpretation of themselves and their aspirations.

Other racial and national groups in America are likewise seeking equality of opportunity and justice. Many of these groups represent races and nations with whom the problem of peace and war are burning questions. Race relations, then, in America has its international as well as its national aspects.

Two methods of adjusting these relations have been advocated. One is by violence and exploitation—to fight it out. The other way of adjustment, yet untried, is conciliation, mutual understanding and brotherly cooperation. This calls for a practical operation of brotherhood in this land. It requires intelligence, conviction, courage and perseverance to try this method of adjustment.

Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America—S. Parkes Cadman, President; Charles S. Macfarland, Samuel McCrea Cavert, John M. Moore, General Secretaries.

Commission on the Church and Race Relations—George C. Clement, Chairman; Peter Ainslie, Chairman Ex. Comm.; George E. Haynes, Will W. Alexander, Secretaries.

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